Poems

- Brian Edwards

Looking
all around
not finding
the spark
isn't there any
spark left
out there
does the world
really care
does the world
even know about
the old spark
anymore

***

- 7/5/2026

I rise
and rise
from the depths
I had fallen
quite sometime ago
yet now I rise
I rise
with an idealism
burning
like a fire
in my heart
and soul
I hit the coastline
like a tempest wind
and then
I begin
to seek out
a fountain
where visions flow
visions of night
and crystalline stars
visions that
inspire the masses
so I begin
the way
is clear before me
I rise only ever
to fall again
once more
for all time
hereafter

***

- 7/6/2026

There is much
that is folly
and there is much
that is wise
and there is
much yet
in-between
that we can't yet
surmise
there is much
on this side
of the ocean
and much
on the other side to
there is much
that makes
little sense to me
and much that
makes perfect sense
to you
and may we
one day
all be free
as the bright Sun
shines down
on the Bodhi tree

***

- 7/6/2026

I called upon
Icarus
to give me
some advice
his fall
from the sky
was so epic
and a true sight
to behold
that's the way
to fall
with radiant wings
with style
straight into
the papyrus scrolls
of legend
a dreamer
who dared to dream
a martyr
of the crazy dream

***

- 7/6/2026

A night
when iguanas
stare
at white
stucco walls
when the sea
is close by
its music
reaching the ears
land of land
land of sand
lots of beach sand
the sea sparkles
in the Moonlight

***

- 7/6/2026

I send words
across thresholds
of heavenly oceans
immaculate dreams
of time
and distance
find me
one lone
and humble soul
of the world
I am waiting
for the Supernova
I was always
destined
to behold

***

- 7/7/2026

Never raise
your voice
never make
a bad choice
never find
yourself
left freezing
in the snow
always know
which way
to go
when it snows

***

- 7/7/2026

Song of a crow
eyes of an eagle
wings of a bat
splendor
of a bowler hat

***

- 7/7/2026

A windmill spins
and the drudgery
goes on
when the light wins
the darkness
moves along
out to California
I've never been
I hope to be
someday
yet for now
the drudgery
goes on

***

- 7/7/2026

The bird
in the meadow
waits in silence
it waits
to hear
the songs
of the dawn
then it to
shall begin
to sing

***

- 7/7/2026

Some days
are like
the fallen leaves
the winds
scatter them
where they may
and some days
are like
the fog
over a bay
difficult
to see
very far
yet in
a general sense
we still know
where we are

***

- 7/8/2026

Mirages
of memories
disappearing
before my eyes
in the hot
Summer Sun
wandering about
with one foot
still within
a dream
heading towards
wherever
a new mirage
appeared
wandering
with one ear
hearing symphonies
from beyond
this world

***

- 7/8/2026

I return
each weekday
to the grinder
of my soul
as empires
rise and fall
like the Sun
as a flute
is played
masterfully
off to the east
somewhere
as rivers flow
and tides
are low
in their course
and I've been away
for far too long
from that place
I consider to be
my sanctuary

***

- 7/8/2026

Tonight
the wind
tells a tale
the oyster pirates
drink their ale
a snail
is moving
slow as
a snail
and in the morning
the sailboat captain
will unfurl
his sail

***

- 7/28/2026

A shroud
of mist
in the forest
this is in truth
a momentary
boundary
of eternity
for those moments
the forest
is the boundary
of eternity
for these moments
the forest
is a place
of awakening

***

- 7/8/2026

All the gold
in El Dorado
won't save you
in a flood
of lava
from an ancient
volcano
yet some will
grasp for it
anyway
for the heart
and soul
is often
bedazzled
by the elements
of greed

***

- 7/9/2026

I speak not
the gibberish
words
I tell no
tall tales
I tell no lies
while swatting
at flies
I light no
candles tonight
I forgot
to buy any
and so it goes
the shadows
climb higher
the gaslights
are all gone
yet how
they are still
remembered

***

- 7/9/2026

The Sun
shines not
this cloudy day
yet the birds
still sing
though with
a touch
of dismay
sometimes
there must be clouds
and there
must be rain
though it's no
guarantee
the streets
will be cleansed
of the newer
oil stains

***

- 7/10/2026

Time awakens
regret awakens
melancholy
cobras
asp
boa constrictors
they all awaken
and the world
just keeps on
fiddling away
the years
a gentle
spring breeze blows
a daisy
in a field
somewhere
sways a little

***

- 7/10/2026

Out here
I move
between the trees
and the
lingering essence
of long ago dreams
here I am
my mind
pulled out
to the eternal sea
by the eternal tide
my own visions
seem creations
of the mist
the mist seems
a creation
of the visions
of the world

***

- 7/10/2026

Titans in
a morning fog
beavers stacking
up the logs
fishermen going
out to fish
casting into
the water
each their
eternal wish
the Kraken
rising
up from the bay
alas by noon
the little village
was in disarray

***

- 7/10/2026

I do say
I do say
I'll be on
my way
at first sign
of the dawn's glow
lest you know
I'll be down
the trail
a way
a way
to those
hidden places
the rest
of the world
does not know
so I'll go
as the Sun
ascends
as the pines
sway but
a little
in the breeze

***

- 7/10/2026

Now I sing
to the bats
of night
hear me
hear me
winged ones
of the dark cave
my lyrics
dissipate
into nightly
darkness
it's all
but a ritual now
that becomes
a routine

***

- 7/10/2026

My thoughts
tend to flow
against the current
in the sea of time
time is an ocean
that exist
on countless worlds
to understand it
completely
is not
a possibility
the Sun
is as a torch
that bestows light
upon the sea
of time
how reality
may seem rife
with contradictions
it is such
a mysterious thing
the sea of time
that we are
set adrift upon

***

- 7/11/2026

They don't
see the same things
that I see
and the
expired candle
gives no light here
nightly stars
immaculate
give only little
the Sun
the Sun
is the fire
that gives light
to the world
so it be known
in all realms
and all kingdoms
so it be known
in dark alleys
upon rooftops
in the cities
in the cornfields
of an eternal vision
so it be known
yet many still
do not see
what I can see
alas the eyes
must open
at some moment
upon some island
in time

***

-7/11/2026

So we fall
off the edge
of a dream
and drift
in that place
that lies
between sleep
and awakening
currents pull us
towards the east
where the sky
begins to grow
brighter
upon the horizon
and when
we begin to hear
the sparrow's song
we know
that we
are getting closer
to the shores
of awakening

***

- 7/11/2026

Night of
the orchid
night of
the flask
night of
all the questions
we always
forget to ask
yet now
we know more
when once
we knew little
I hear the fiddle
it plays
in the red hour
and the apples
have gone sour
O' muse of wine
tonight
be thy friend

***

- 7/11/2026

The path revealed
is the path
for me
until what's
revealed
I can no longer see
and there I am
with obscurity
all around
and the call
of the meadowlark
is the only
present sound
and so at last
I've found
nothing
not a damn thing
in this town

***

- 7/11/2026

The roses
do not weep
they sleep
when the Moon
is bright
and full
above our keep
so we let
the roses sleep
in peace
then we get drunk
and mistake
some weeds
for roses

***

- 7/11/2026

A tiger lily
of the mind
a great big tree
with its
Spanish Moss
a great big
shadow
of the Moon
during an eclipse
and we all
sip Bacardi Rum
in the shade

***

- 7/11/2026

Give me
your vision
give me
your vine
give me
your hope in
Trans-Atlantic
telepathy
which isn't
a thing
until
it becomes
a thing
may it become
a thing
and may the dogs
not bark
all night
tonight

***

- 7/11/2026

Choose a song
and sing it
choose a pipe
and bring it
any which way
eternity
is forever
do not forget
as you leave
Dover
with a clover
you felt
would bring
you luck

***

- 7/12/2026

And thus
before my eyes
did I behold
people turned
into pillars
of salt
they were told
not to turn
back around
and look
they did anyway
impulses
can be strong
in the desert
some can
never resist
so it goes
in the desert
the desert
claims its bounty
before
my very eyes

***

- 7/12/2026

Hear it sung
the song
of a Sunrise
yet to be
a Sunrise
that may
not be
for another
thousand years
yet hear it now
in this early hour
when the stars
are still out
for us to behold
hear a song
of the future
yet to be written
try to imagine
the light
that will shine
across the sky
in a thousand years

***

- 7/12/2026

Understand
the stars
are thine
we can trace
our lineage
back to them
if we go back
far enough
which is
very .... very
far back
our dreams
are born
from places
among the stars
understand this
and you will
understand
a great
many things
understand this
and you may
understand
that the stars
are also thine
so it written
in the scrolls
of eternal memory

***

- 7/12/2026

And so
we have found
something
which may
redeem us
something
which may
awaken us from
the foggy sleep
we have known
for so long
and so
we have found
something
it is mysterious
and perplexing
yet it calls
to us
and we know
that we wish
to answer the call
and go forth
we know
that we wish
to wander
the plateaus
of new discovery

***

- 7/12/2026

I find serenity
in the mist
I always have
I always will
I find
a lone orchid
atop a hill
there it grows
in defiance
of winters memory
I wander out
onto the moor
as the Moon rises
my kingdom
is of a dream
that now ascends
towards Andromeda

***

- 7/12/2026

The summer
is not over
just yet
the thorns
are still growing
just yet
a music box
on a farm
plays its tune
every morning
at dawn
an explanation
is absent
just yet
we think not
of winter
just yet
when the
summer rains fall

***

- 7/13/2026

Of all that
was given to me
by the ravens
of a shrouded day
such memories
like candles within
that never expires
their eyes
are like portals
through time
they conjure up
the names
the voices
the faces
that are like thorns
wounding
my very soul

***

- 7/13/2026

I am bound
to the wind
as I have
always been
where it leads
I will always follow

***

- 7/13/2026

Of all that
was given to me
by the ravens
of a shrouded day
such memories
like candles within
that never expire
their eyes
are like portals
through time
they conjure up
the names
the voices
the faces
that are like thorns
wounding
my very soul

***

- 7/13/2026

Upon the tripod
the candles burn
until
they burn no more
the shadowy realm
of a raven's feathers
an orchid blue
as a star
of the north
the chime
of an old clock
here where centuries
mingle
as light
and darkness

***

- 7/13/2026

In the little
village
the drunkard slept
a sleep
most like
oblivion
and in
the morning
it will be
as if bells
were tolling
in his ears
the bells
of remorse

***

- 7/13/2026

Alas
when we reach
the castle
by the sea
of the
cherished star
we shall take
our place
with those
who dwell upon
the horizon
of time
alas as we
look out upon
waves of eternity
in the sea
of the
cherished star

***

- 7/14/2026

Walking along
the edge
of a dream
a path
of the imagination
when and where
the material
illusion
vanishes
in a time
of the last dance
the face
of a statue
the eyes
looking straight
through
the material world
and into
the world
of eternity
when the eyes
have seen
what they
will always
remember
when the eyes
have seen
the path
at the edge
of a dream

***

- 7/14/2026

The cauldron
and the feather
the medallion
and the candle
slugging through
the passing days
they pass me by
they disappear
into a void
the Sun rises
and shines
through
the windows
at dawn
the dawns
are passing
me by
the years
like sand
scattered
in the wind
now tell me
of a blissful exile
now tell me
of a banishment
in paradise
some dreams
I've always
kept around
some dreams
I still intend
to realize
some dawns
I'll remember
always

***

- 7/14/2026

Seek me out
when the star
has fallen
seek me out
when the River Styx
overflows
the garden
seek me out
when adagios
are heard
in the wind
try and find me
I can't find you
try and find me
look beyond
the labyrinth
try and find me
eternity is ours
seek me out
while the stars shine
like diamonds
over our city

***

- 7/14/2026